

Crittenden Record-Press

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MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, MAY 2, 1907.

NUMBER 48.

Saddles AND Harness Plow Gear

**Ice Cream Freezers
Water Coolers
Refrigerators
Ice Picks**

**Lawn Mowers
AND RAKES**

GEN. H. B. LYON DEAD

Heart Failure Ends Life of Old Soldier--
Falls in Field on His Farm Near
Eddyville.

Gen. H. B. Lyon fell dead on his farm, two miles back from Eddyville, Thursday afternoon from heart failure. He had gone to the farm on business, and after talking to two of his farm hands left them to go and look after some other work. When about 100 yards away he was seen to fall, and when the two men reached him life was gone.

Gen. Lyon was the great-grandson of Col. Mathew Lyon, who sold himself for his passage across the ocean and who later elected Thomas Jefferson President by his one vote and the only man who ever represented three states in the United States Congress. He was also a descendant of Col. Chittenden, a colonial governor of Vermont.

Gen. H. B. Lyon was a graduate of West Point and afterward served in the United States army on the frontiers of Texas and Mexico. At the breaking out of the Civil War he cast his lot with the South and was promoted to the high rank of Brigadier General. He served with distinction until the close. He was a man of strong convictions and was loyal to the cause for which he fought, having never taken the oath of allegiance to the United States after the close of the Civil War. Later he was connected with the State penitentiary at Frankfort for four years. He was appointed by Gov. Buckner a member of the commission that located the branch penitentiary at Eddyville, his native town, and he personally superintended its building. After the completion of the prison he was offered the wardenship, but declined to accept it.

He represented the Sixth legislative district in the memorable Goebel contest, and voted to seat Gov. Goebel. For several years he had lived in Eddyville, in retirement, looking after his farming interests and devoting himself to private affairs. November a year ago he was elected Mayor of the city of Eddyville, an honor held by him at the time of his death.

He was seventy one years of age, full of honors and ripe in years. A wife and three sons and three daughters survive him, Capt. Frank Lyon, of the United States navy, now at Norfolk, Va., Mrs. Grace Kevil, of Princeton, Hugh, Ernest, Maybelle and Loraine, who remain at home.

He was probably the most prominent man of his section of the State for many years.

Olive & Walker

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

**A car load of the world famous AMES Buggies
and Surries.**

A top buggy and set of harness, guaranteed, only \$47.50.

SOLE AGENCY FOR THE

**Tennessee and Coquillard Wagons,
And we have them in all sizes.**

**The Old Reliable
Hoosier Corn Drills
John Deere Two-Row
CORN PLANTERS**

**Oliver Chilled Plows
One and two horse sizes
Blue Grass Double Shovels
Cultivators and Hay Rakes**

Fence Wire and Staples

Hess' Stock Food

Best Stock Food Made

Don't be annoyed with flies
We have lots of
Wire Screen Cloth
Gardener's Tools
Hoes, Rakes, Spades, Forks
Garden Plows

GEN. H. B. LYON DEAD

While serving in the Kentucky Legislature the question of enlarging the State penitentiary, or building a branch prison, came before the body and upon the determination to build a new prison, he was placed at the head of the commission which selected the site and superintended the erection of the structure. He served in the lower House of the Assembly three times, taking prominent position among its membership at each session.

Mesdames Geo. P. Roberts and John W. Wilson, of this city, are near relatives of his.

Gen. Lyon was thrice married. His first wife was Miss Laura O'Hara, a daughter of Reuben O'Hara. One son, Highland, by this union met an untimely death by accidentally shooting himself several years ago.

His second wife was Miss Grace Machen, a daughter of the late Frank Machen, of the Fredonia Valley. The children of this union are Capt. Frank Lyon, U. S. navy, Mrs. M. R. Kevil, of Princeton, Hugh and Ernest, of Eddyville.

His third wife was Miss Ruth Woolf and by this union there are two daughters, Misses Maybelle and Loraine, who are with their mother at Eddyville.

Deals in Real Estate.

R. W. Vanhoosier and wife have made a deal with P. S. Maxwell whereby they become the owners of the lot at the southeast corner of the Maxwell square, also the two cottages on depot street and the vacant lots in the rear of them, and they gave in exchange 277 acres of land in Harris county, (Houston, county seat) Tex., which they purchased several years ago. They are following in the footsteps of others who bought land out there, as most of them are selling it or disposing of it.

Electricity Used to Cure the Hiccoughs.

Spokane, Wash., April 24.—Electricity was successfully used in checking an attack of hiccoughs from which little Irene Sherrod, of Staufenfield Home, west of Spokane, suffered more than a week. Every means was employed by the attending physicians but they were unable to stop the paroxysms for more than ten minutes and it was not until the electric battery was applied that the girl experienced any relief.

Medical men declare the case is without a parallel in the Northwest.

Louis Sliger Case Postponed.

The examining trial of Louis A. Sliger charged with killing Chas. McManan was postponed because James Kirk, a witness, was absent. The initial trials are said to show that trains operated by the new system will be capable of a maximum speed of 100 miles an hour with safety. The officials say the

"LEANDER" BOOMING.

Last Saturday There Were Sixteen
Loads of Spar Hauled
From Mine.

The Leander Mining Co., is now hauling spar to the station. On last Saturday, they had sixteen wagon loads of spar on the street. This spar was brought from the Leona Mine near Glendale, the shaft is now about sixty feet, and has reached a fine vein of spar and lead. The daily output is now about fifteen tons and arrangements are being to increase this considerably in the near future.

The stockholders in this company are chiefly Marion people, and they are operating two mines The White and the Leona. The names of the owners of this rich mine are as follows:

W. A. Blackburn, Pres., J. G. Rochester, Vice Pres., C. E. Weldon, Sec., Treas., T. H. Cochran, Director, G. C. Gray, H. F. Morris C. J. Pierce, Dr. F. W. Nunn, P. T. Sigler, Tom Clifton, C. B. Hina, T. H. Lowery, Joseph V. Reed, Louisville, O. H. Paris.

High School Graduating Class.

The High School class of graduates for 1907 will comprise eight names, and when they appear before the footlights Friday evening, May 10, they will do honor and great credit to their "Alma Mater." Those who will take part are Misses Mary Deboe, valedictorian, Fenwick Wathen, class orator, Mary Lou Wilborn, Annie Dean, May Travis, Amy Wathen and Messrs. Gray Rochester and Sylvan Price.

This class has accomplished much in the last year and has not only kept up the regular course heretofore taught, but has mastered Caesars Commentaries, Ciceros Oration Against Cataline, Virgils Aeneid and Solid Geometry in a manner highly complimentary to them, and we feel safe in saying they will bring only new honors and compliments to Marion High School.

New 100-Mile-An-Hour Train.

New York, April 24.—The first "single phase" electric train ever run in this country is now being operated on the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad between Larchmont and New Rochelle, where tests have been made for three days of that company's new overhead electric system. The initial trials are said to show that trains operated by the new system will be capable of a maximum speed of 100 miles an hour with safety. The officials say the

new system is way ahead of the third rail system.

The electric train was standing at New Rochelle when the "Knickerbocker Express," a five-hour train to Boston, came through at a high rate of speed. The electric train easily kept pace to the end of the two-mile stretch at Larchmont, despite the fact that the steam train had a flying start.

New Road and Street Opened.

Weldon and Blackburn have completed and opened for the public use the new street from the bridge on Salem road thru to Main street which it intersects near the old cemetery. The grade on the route is good and teamsters will find this road much preferable to the old one over the Elder Hill and up Salem street.

Binkley-Deboe.

About four weeks ago, Mr. W. B. Binkley, of View, and Miss Ada Deboe, of Crayneville, were united in marriage, but did not announce it until last Sunday. Mr. Binkley gave a dinner last Sunday to about fifty of his friends and announced the fact. Mr. Binkley is a merchant and the postmaster at View.

Mrs. Binkley is the youngest daughter of John Deboe, and is a charming young lady.

A Young Looking Great Grand Mother.

Mrs. A. V. McFee, of this city, received a message a few days ago announcing the arrival of a little daughter at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Wilsey on Tuesday April 23rd in Pomona, California. Mrs. Wilsey was Miss Stella Thurman, a grand daughter of Mrs. McFee of this city, and she is now asking her friends if she looks very ancient and none of them think she does.

The Valedictorian And Salutatorian.

The RECORD-PRESS notes with much pleasure the name of Miss Ruby Cook, of Crayneville, who wins the honor of being valedictorian of the 1907 class of thirty four graduates of the eighth grade in the Marion graded school. She is the daughter Dr. O. C. Cook the well known physician of Crayneville. And also that of Miss Ruth Hill, daughter of H. O. Hill, of Chapel Hill, as salutatorian. These honors are won by hard study and these young ladies deserve much praise.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our thanks and appreciation to our friends who were so kind to us during the illness and death of our little daughter. May God's richest blessings rest on you is our prayers.

MR. AND MRS. H. V. STONE.

THE ALUMNI

Graduates of Marion Graded And High School to Meet At School Auditorium Monday Night.

The Alumni of the Marion Schools will be held Monday evening and all the graduates are expected to be present and enjoy the remain. An interesting program will be rendered, a special feature of which will be music by the Marion Cornet Band.

The following is the program:

Alumni Song

Welcome Address W. H. Clark

Response Miss Ethel Hard

Music Marion Cornet Band

Cupid's Pranks in School

Miss Ina Price

Vocal Solo: "Love Me and the

World is Mine"

Miss Pearl Doss

What Should be the Standard of Marion High School

Miss Willie Croft

Piano Solo Miss Sallie Woods

Graduates of Former Days

Miss Mildred Haynes

Alumni Song

In Reminiscent Mood

W. E. Potter, Jr.

Music Marion Cornet Band

Classes of '07

Misses Mary Deboe, Ruby Cook

Vocal Solo Miss Gustava Haynes

Alumni Song

NOTICE.

The funeral of Willie Murry will be preached the third Sunday in May, instead of June.

THE PASTOR.

State Geologist.

F. Julius Fohs, of the Kentucky Geological Survey, was at home last week. He came to Western Kentucky to prepare a special report on the coal region between Henderson, Morganfield and Sebree. Specifically his work was to determine the extent number and character of as well as to correlate and work out the structure of the coal beds of the region named. Mr. Fohs was here also to have some levels run between Marion and Tribune in order to determine the elevation of Marion correctly. He placed J. M. Dyer, of Morganfield, in charge of this work which is being done now. Mr. Fohs tells us that his work this year will, in addition to completion of the reports on Western Kentucky lead, zinc and spar deposits, consist of an investigation of central Kentucky deposits. There will be ready for distributions shortly the first two chapters as advance sheets from his report "Kentucky Fluorspar" with notes on the "Production, Mining and Technology of the Mineral in the United States," which will appear as Bulletin 9 of the Kentucky Geological Survey.

Geo. W. Landram Here.

Geo. W. Landram, of Livingston county, the handless candidate for Railroad Commissioner was here Monday. He is not feeling uneasy in the least about his canvass, and hopes to carry as many as twenty counties on first and second instructions. The County Convention will be held on Saturday, May 18, and every one interested should be on hand to see his wishes are carried out.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

DISTINCTIVELY A CREAM OF TARTAR BAKING POWDER

It does not contain an atom of phosphoric acid (which is the product of bones digested in sulphuric acid) or of alum (which is one-third sulphuric acid), unhealthful substances adopted for other baking powders because of their cheapness.

MR. AND MRS. H. V. STONE.

The Skyscraper

...BY...
FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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WE stood one Sunday morning in a group watching for her to speed around the Narrows. Many locomotives as I have seen and ridden, a new one is always a wonder to me—chokes me up, even, it means so much. I hear men rave over horses and marvel at it when I think of the iron horse. I hear them chatter of distance, and my mind turns to the annihilator. I hear them brag of ships, and I think of the ship that plows the mountains and rivers and plains. And when they talk of speed—what can I think of but her?

As the new engine rolled into the yards my heart beat quicker. Her lines were too imposing to call strong. They were massive, yet so simple you could draw them, like the needle snout of a collier, to every point.

Every bearing looked precise, every joint looked supple, as she swept magnificently up and checked herself, panting, in front of us.

Foley was in the cab. He had been east on a lay-off and so happened to bring in the new monster, wild, from the river shops.

She was built in Pennsylvania, but the fellows on the Missouri end of our line thought nothing could ever safely be put into our hands until they had stopped it en route and looked it over.

"How does she run, Foley?" asked Neighbor, gloating silently over the toy.

"Cool as an icebox," said Foley swinging down. "She's a regular summer resort. Little stiff on the hills yet."

"We'll take that out of her," mused Neighbor, climbing into the cab to look her over. "Boys, this is up in a balloon," he added, pushing his big head through the cab window and peering down at the ninety inch drivers under him.

"I grew dizzy once or twice looking for the ponies," declared Foley, biting off a piece of tobacco as he hitched at his overalls. "She looks like a skyscraper. Say, Neighbor, I'm to get her myself, ain't I?" asked Foley, with his usual nerve.

"When McNeal gets through with her, yes," returned Neighbor gruffly, giving her a thimble of steam and trying the air.

"What?" cried Foley, affecting surprise. "You going to give her to the kid?"

"I am," returned the master mechanic unfeeling, and he kept his word.

George McNeal, just reporting for work after the session in his cab with the loose end of a connecting rod, was invited to take out the skyscraper—488, Class II—as she was listed, and Dad Hamilton of course took the scoop to fire her.

"They get everything good that's going," grumbled Foley.

"They are good people," retorted Neighbor. He also assigned a helper to the old fireman. It was a new thing with us then, a fellow with a slice bar to tickle the grate, and Dad, of course, kicked. He always kicked. Neighbor wasted no words. He simply sent the helper back to wiping until the old fireman should cry enough.

Very likely you know that a new engine must be regularly broken, as a horse is broken, before it is ready for steady hard work. And as George McNeal was not very strong yet, he was appointed to do the breaking.

For two months it was a pic-a-light runs and easy lay overs. After the smash at the Narrows Hamilton had sort of taken the kid engineer under his wing, and it was pretty generally understood that any one who elbowed George McNeal must reckon with his mighty old fireman. So the two used to march up and down street together, as much like chums as a very young engineer and a very old fireman possibly could be. They talked together, walked together and ate together. Foley was as jealous as a cat of Ham Iton, because he had brought George out west and felt a sort of guardian interest in that quarter himself. Really anybody would love George McNeal, old Dad Hamilton was proof enough of that.

One evening, just after pay day, I saw the pair in the postoffice lobby getting their checks cashed. Presently the two stepped over to the money order window. A moment later each came away with a money order.

"Is that where you leave your wealth, George?" I asked as he came up to speak to me.

"Part of it goes there every month. Mr. Reed," he smiled. "Checks are running light, too, now—eh, Dad?"

"A young fellow like you ought to be putting money away in the bank," said I.

"Well, you see I have a bank back in Pennsylvania, a bank that is now sixty years old and getting gray headed. I haven't sent her much since I've been on the relief, so I'm trying to make up a little now for my old mummy."

"Where does yours go, Dad?" I asked.

"Me," answered the old man evasively. "I've got a boy back east; getting to be a big one too. He's in school. When are you going to give

us a passenger run with the skyscraper, Neighbor?" asked Hamilton, turning to the master mechanic.

"Soon as we get this wheat, up on the high line, out of the way," replied Neighbor. "We haven't half engines enough to move it, and I get a wire about every six hours to move it faster. Every siding's blocked, clear to Belgrade. How many of those 60,000 pound cars can you take over Beverly hill with your skyscraper?"

He was asking both men. The engineer looked at his chum.

"I reckon maybe thirty-five or forty," said McNeal. "Eh, Dad?"

"Maybe, son," growled Hamilton, "and break my back doing it?"

"I gave you a helper once, and you kicked him off the tender," retorted Neighbor.

"Don't want anybody raking ashes for me—not while I'm drawing full time," Dad frowned.

But the upshot of it was that we put the skyscraper at hauling wheat, and within a week she was doing the work of a double header.

It was May, and a thousand miles east of us, in Chicago, there was trouble in the wheat pit on the board of trade. You would hardly suspect what queer things that wheat scramble gave rise to, affecting George McNeal, Dad and old man Hamilton and a lot of other fellows away out on a railroad division on the western plain, but this was the way of it:

A man sitting in a little office on Lasalle street wrote a few words on a very ordinary looking sheet of paper and touched a button. That brought a colored boy, and he took the paper and to a young man who sat at the eastern end of a private wire.

The next thing we knew orders began to come in hot from the president's office—the president of the road, if you please—to get that wheat on the high line into Chicago, and to get it there quickly.

Trainmen, elevator men, superintendents of motive power, were spurred with special orders and special bulletins. Farmers, startled by the great prices offering, hauled night and day. Every old tub we had in the shops and on the scrap was overhauled and hustled into the service. The division danced with excitement. Every bushel of wheat on it must be in Chicago by the morning of May 31.

For two weeks we worked everything to the limit. The skyscraper led any two engines on the line. Even Dad Hamilton was glad to cry enough and take a helper. We doubled them every day, and the way the wheat flew over the line toward the lower end of Lake Michigan was appalling to speculators. It was a battle between two commercial giants, and a battle to the death. It shook not alone the country; it shook the world. But that was nothing to us; our orders were simply to move the wheat. And the wheat moved.

The last week found us pretty well cleaned up, but the high price brought grain out of cellars and wells, the buyers said—at least, it brought all the

"Where do they meet?"

"Fifty-five takes the long siding from the Junction," he exclaimed, turning to the local dispatcher. We looked and saw a headlight in the east.

"That's 53."

"Where do they meet?"

"Fifty-five takes the long siding from the Junction—which was two miles east—"and she ought to be on it right now," added the dispatcher anxiously, looking over the master mechanic's shoulder. Neighbor jumped as if a bullet had struck him. "She'll never take a siding tonight. She's coming down the main track. What's her orders?" he demanded furiously.

"Meeting orders for first 4 at Red bud, second 4 here, 78 at Glenoe, Great Jupiter," cried the dispatcher, and his face went sick and scared. "They've forgotten second 4!"

"They'll think of her a long time lead," roared the master mechanic savagely, jumping to the west window. "Throw your red lights! There's the skyscraper now!"

Her head shot that instant around the coal chutes less than a mile away, and 53 going dead against her. I stood like one palsied, my eyes glued on the burning eye of the big engine. As she whipped past a street light I caught a glimpse of George McNeal's head out of the cab window. He always rode bareheaded if the night was warm, and I knew it was he; but suddenly, like a flash, his head went in. I knew why as well as if my eyes were his eyes and my thoughts his thoughts. He had seen red signals where he had every right to look for white.

But red signals now—to stop her—to pull her flat on her haunches like a broncho? Shake a weather flag at a cyclone!

I saw the fire stream from her drivers. I knew they were churning in the sand. I knew he had twenty air cars behind him sliding. What of it?

Two thousand tons were sweeping forward like an avalanche. What did brains or pluck count for now with 53 dancing along like a schoolgirl right into the teeth of it?

I don't know how the other men felt. As for me, my breath choked in my throat, my knees shook, and a deadly nausea seized me. Unable to avert the horrible blunder, I saw its hideous results.

Darkness hid the worst of the sight; it was the sound that appalled. Children asleep in sod shanties miles from where the two engines reared in awful shock jumped in their cribs at that crash. Fifty-five's little engine barely checked the skyscraper. She split it like a banana. She bucked like a frantic horse and leaped fearfully ahead. There was a blinding explosion, a sudden awful burst of steam. The windows crashed about our ears, and we were dashed to the wall and floor like lead pencils. A baggage truck, whipped up from the platform below, came through the heavy sash and down on the dispatcher's table like a brickbat and as we scrambled to our feet a shower of wheat suffocated us. The floor heaved. Freight cars slid into the depot like battering rams. In the height of the confusion an oil tank

(Continued on next page.)

The cab for a passing instant rose in the air.

h乖乖地 wheat, and the 28th day of the month found fifty cars of wheat still in the Zanesville yards. I was at Harvard working on a time card when the word came, and behind it a special from the general manager stating there was \$1,000 premium in it for the company besides tariff, if we got that wheat into Chicago by Saturday morning.

The train end of it didn't bother me any. It was the motive power that kept us studying. However, we figured that by running McNeal with the skyscraper back wild we could put all the wheat behind her in one train. As it happened, Neighbor was at Harvard too.

"Can they ever get over Beverly with 50, Neighbor?" I asked doubtfully.

"We'll never know till we try it,"

growled Neighbor. "There's a thousand for the company if they do; that's all. How'll you run them? Give them plenty of sea room. They'll have to gallop to make it."

Cool and reckless planning, taking the daring chances straining the flesh and blood, driving the steel loaded to the snapping point—that was what it meant. But the company wanted results, wanted the prestige and the premium too. To gain them we were expected to stretch our little resources to the uttermost.

I studied minute, then turned to the dispatcher.

"Tell Norman to send them out as second 4. That gives the right of way over every wheel against them. If they can't make it on that kind of schedule, it isn't in the track."

It was extraordinary business, rather, sending a train of wheat through on passenger schedule, practically as the second section of our eastbound flier, but we took hair lifting chances on the plains.

I was noon when the orders were flashed. At 3 o'clock No. 4 was due to leave Zanesville. For three hours I kept the wires busy warning all operators and trainmen, even switch engines and yardmasters, of the wheat special, second 4.

The flier, the first section and regular passenger train, was checked out of Zanesville on time. Second 4, which meant George McNeal, Dad, the skyscraper and fifty loads of wheat, reported out at 3:10. While we worked on our time card Neighbor in the dispatcher's office across the hall figured out that the wheat train would enrich the company just \$11,000, tolls and premium, "if it doesn't break in two on Beverly hill," growled Neighbor.

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in the yard took fire and threw a jet low glare on the ghastly scene.

I saw men get up and fall again to their knees. I was shivering and wet with sweat. The stairway was crushed into kindling wood. I climbed out a back window, down on the roof of the freight platform and so to the ground. There was a running to and fro, useless and aimless; men were beside themselves. They plunged through wheat up to their knees at every step. All at once, above the frantic hissing of the buried skyscraper and the wild calling of the car tinks, I heard the stentorian tones of Neighbor, mounted on a twisted truck, organizing the men at hand into a wrecking gang. Soon people began running up the yard to where the skyscraper lay, like another Samson, prostrate in the midst of the destruction it had wrought. Foremost among the excited men, covered with dirt and blood, staggered Dad Hamilton.

"Where's McNeal?" cried Neighbor. Hamilton pointed to the wreck.

"Why didn't he jump?" yelled Neighbor.

Hamilton pointed at the twisted signal tower; the red light still burned in it.

"You changed the signals on him," he cried savagely. "What does it mean? We had right against everything. What does it mean?" he raved, in a frenzy.

Neighbor answered him never a word; he only put his hand on Dad's shoulder.

"Find him first! Find him!" he repeated, with a strain in his voice. I never heard till then, and the two giants hurried away together. When I reached the skyscraper, buried in the thick of the smash, roaring like a volcano, the pair were already into the jam like a brace of ferrets, hunting for the engine crews. It seemed an hour, though it was much less, before they found any one; then they brought out 55's fireman. Neighbor found him. But his back was broken. Back again they wormed through twisted trucks, under splintered beams—in and around and over-choked with heat, blinded by steam, shouting as they groped, listening for word or cry or gasp.

Soon we heard Dad's voice in a different cry, one that meant everything, and the wrekers, running like beavers through a dozen blind trails, gathered all close to the big fireman. He was under a great piece of the cab where none could follow, and he was crying for a bar. They passed him a bar; other men, careless of life and limb, tried to crawl under and in to him, but he warned them back. Who but a man baked twenty years in an engine cab could stand the steam that poured on him where he lay?

Neighbor, just outside, flashing a light, heard the labored strain of his breathing, saw him getting half up, bend to the bar, and saw the iron give like lead in his hands as he pried mightily.

Neighbor heard and told me long afterward how the old man flung the bar away with an imprecation and cried for one to help him, for a minute meant a life now. The boy lying pinned under the shattered cab was roasting in a jet of live steam. The master mechanic crept in.

By signs Dad told him what to do and then, getting on his knees, crawled straight into the dash of the white jet—crawled into it and got the cab on his shoulders.

Crouching an instant, the giant muscles of his back set in a tremendous effort. The wreckage snapped and groaned, the knotted legs slowly and painfully straightened, the cab for a passing instant rose in the air, and in that instant Neighbor dragged Georgie McNeal from out the vice of death and passed him, like a pinch bar, to the men waiting next behind. Then Neighbor pulled Dad back, blind now and senseless. When they got the old fireman out he made a pitiful struggle to pull himself together. He tried to stand up, but the sweat broke over him, and he sank in a heap at Neighbor's feet.

That was the saving of Georgie McNeal, and out there they still tell you about that lift of Dad Hamilton's.

We put him on the cot at the hospital next to his engineer. Georgie, dreadfully bruised and scalded, came on fast in spite of his hurts, but the doctor said Dad had wrenched a tendon in that frightful effort, and he lay there a very sick and very old man long after the young engineer was up and around telling of his experience.

"When we cleared the chutes I saw white signals, I thought," he said to me at Dad's bedside. "I knew we had the right of way over everything. It was a hustle anyway on that schedule, Mr. Reed, you know that—an awful hustle with our load. I never choked her a notch to run the yards. Didn't mean to do it with the Junction grade to climb just ahead of us. But I looked out again, and, by hokey, I thought I'd gone crazy, got color blind—red signals! Of course I thought I must have been wrong the first time I looked. I choked her. I threw the air. I dumped the gravel. Heavens! She never felt it! I couldn't figure how we were wrong, but there was the red light. I yelled, 'Jump, Dad!' and he yelled, 'Jump, son! Didn't you, Dad?'

"He jumped, but I wasn't ever going to jump, and my engine going full against a red lamp. Not much.

"I kind of dodged down behind the head; when she struck it was biff, and she jumped about twenty feet up straight. She didn't? Well, it seemed like it. Then it was biff, biff, biff, one after another. With that train behind her she'd have gone through Beverly hill. Did you ever buck snow with a rotary, Mr. Reed? Well, that was about it, even to the rolling and heavying. Dad, want to lie down? Le' me get another pillow behind you. Isn't

it better? Poor Musgrave!" he added, speaking of the engineer of 55, who was instantly killed. "He and the firemen both. Hard lines, but I'd rather have it that way, I guess, if I was wrong. Eh, Dad?"

Even after Georgie went to work Dad lay in the hospital. We knew he would never shovel coal again. It cost him his good back to lift Georgie loose, so the surgeon told us, and I could believe it, for when they got the jacks under the cab next morning, and Neighbor told the wrecking gang that Hamilton alone had lifted it six inches the night before on his back the wrecking boss fairly snorted at the statement, but Hamilton did just the same.

"Son," muttered Dad one night to Georgie, sitting with him, "I want you to write a letter for me."

"I've been sending money to my boy back east," explained Dad feebly. "I told you he's in school."

"I know, Dad."

"I haven't been able to send any since I've been by, but I'm going to send some when I get my relief. Not so much as I used to send. I want you to kind of explain why."

"What's his first name, Dad, and where does he live?"

"It's a lawyer that looks after him—a man that tends to my business back there."

"Well what's his name?"

"Scaylor—Ephraim Scaylor."

"Scaylor?" echoed Georgie in amazement.

"Yes. Why, do you know him?"

"Why, that's the man mother and I had so much trouble with. I wouldn't write to that man. He's a rascal. Dad."

"What did he ever do to you and your mother?"

"I'll tell you, Dad, though it's a matter I don't talk about much. My fa-



"Son," he gasped to the astonished boy, "don't you know me?"

ther had trouble back there fifteen or sixteen years ago. He was running an engine and had a wreck. There were some passengers killed. The dispatcher managed to throw the blame on father, and they indicted him for manslaughter. He pretty near went crazy, and all of sudden he disappeared, and we never heard of him from that day to this. But this man Scaylor, mother stuck to it, knew something about where father was, only he always denied it."

Trembling like a leaf, Dad raised up on his elbow. "What's your mother's name, son? What's your name?"

Georgie looked confused. "I'll tell you, Dad. There's nothing to be ashamed of. I was foolish enough, I told you once, to go out on a strike with the engineers down there. I was only a kid, and we were all blacklisted. So I used my middle name, McNeal. My full name is George McNeal Sinclair."

The old fireman made a painful effort to sit up, to speak, but he choked. His face contracted, and Georgie rose frightened. With a herculean effort the old man raised himself up and grasped Georgie's hands.

"Son," he gasped to the astonished boy, "don't you know me?"

"Of course I know you, Dad. What's the matter with you? Lie down."

"Boy, I'm your own father. My name is David Hamilton Sinclair. I had the trouble, Georgie." He choked up like a child, and Georgie McNeal went white and scared; then he grasped the gray haired man in his arms.

When I dropped in an hour later they were talking hysterically. Dad was explaining how he had been sending money to Scaylor every month, and Georgie was contending that neither he nor his mother had ever seen a cent of it. But one great fact overshadowed all the villainy that night—father and son were united and happy and a message had already gone back to the old home from Georgie to his mother, telling her the good news.

"And that indictment was wiped out long ago against father," said Georgie to me, "but that rascal Scaylor kept writing him for money to fight it with and to pay for my schooling—and this was the kind of schooling I was getting all the time. Wouldn't that kill you?"

I couldn't sleep till I had hunted up Neighbor and told him about it, and next morning we wired transportation back for Mrs. Sinclair to come out on.

Less than a week afterward a gentle little old woman stepped off the floor at Zanesville and into the arms of Georgie Sinclair. A smart rig was in wait-

ing, to which her son hurried her, and they were driven rapidly to the hospital. When they entered the old fireman's room together the nurse softly closed the door behind them.

But when they sent for Neighbor and me, I suppose we were the two blindest fools in the hospital, trying to look unconscious of all we saw in the faces of the group at Dad's bed.

He never got his old strength back, yet Neighbor fixed him out for all that. The skyscraper, once our pride, was so badly stored that we gave up hope of restoring her for a passenger run. So Neighbor built her over into a sort of dub engine for short runs, stubs, and so on; and though Dad had vowed long ago when unjustly condemned, that he would never more touch a throttle, we got him to take the skyscraper and the Actor run.

And when Georgie, who takes the trolley every other day, is off duty he climbs into Dad's cab, shoves the old gentleman aside and shoots around the yard in the rejuvenated skyscraper at a hair raising rate of speed.

After awhile the old engine got so full of alkali that Georgie gave her a new name—Soda Water Sal—and it hangs to her yet. We thought the best of her had gone in the Harvard wreck, but there came a time when Dad and Soda Water Sal showed us we were very much mistaken.

TWO DOCTORS.

Almost every one has made his jest about the proneness of doctors to disagree, the one prescribing exactly an opposite course from that ordered by another, but not every one has had an opportunity to conduct such an experiment as was made by the late Baron Lutz, formerly prime minister of Bavaria. The baron was once severely wounded in battle in both legs. The wound in one leg was much like that in the other. It struck him that there was a chance to study the ways of the surgical profession and beguile the long hours of his convalescence. He accordingly called in one doctor and gave him charge of his right leg, but told him nothing about the wound in the other, and then called in another doctor for his left leg, keeping him similarly in ignorance about the wounded right leg. The doctors adopted a very different method of treatment, but both wounds healed at about the same time. When the baron's legs were quite well he derived a great deal of amusement from getting the doctors together and mystifying them with questions about the way each had treated "his leg."

Some Thought For Food.

If people were as particular to have their food fit their insides as they are to have their clothes fit their outsides, they would be better satisfied with the world and themselves.

When good digestion waits on appetite a man may either dare to love or fight.

The food that fits the stomach is the food that rules the world.

If you forgot what you have to eat, then you may bet you won't forget what you have eaten and will continue to eat it unless your judgment is as weak as your digestion.

Indigestion is the devil's workshop.

Dyspepsia uncovers a multitude of sins.

It's easy going when your stomach works all right.

No food is sometimes good food.

A meal of viands on the table is worth two in the stomach.

An overladen stomach is bound to break down.

Food that won't set on the stomach shouldn't have a chance to.

An overful stomach is a pasture for nightmares.—W. J. Lampton in New York Herald.

Cipher Writing.

The art of secret writing, or writing in cipher, was, according to Polybius, invented by Aeneas, author of a treatise on tactics and other works. He produced twenty methods of writing in cipher, which no person could unfold, but we doubt much whether they would preserve this quality at the present day.

It is no less strange than true that this art, so important in diplomacy, as long as couriers are liable to be intercepted, was held in abhorrence by the elector Frederic II., who considered it as a diabolical invention.

Trithemius, abbot of Spanheim, had composed several works to revive this branch of knowledge, and Bovile, an ignorant mathematician, being unable to comprehend the extraordinary terms he made use of to explain his method, published that the work was full of diabolical mysteries. Poissevin repeated the assertion, and Frederic, in a holy zeal, ordered the original work of Trithemius, which he had in his library, to be burned as the invention of the devil.

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ROLL OF HONOR.

The Following Have Paid or Renewed their Subscriptions Since Last Report.

J P Bridwell	Ky
O N Kirk	"
J M Allisor	"
G B Crawford	"
J A Jacobs	"
M A Wing	"
J Y Hunt	City
T A Ford	Mo
D J Stevens	Ky
J R Daniel	"
G A Hill	City
J F Robinson	"
F F Rushing	Ky
Gid J Green	R R
J O Tabor	"
Etta Williamson	"
H F Summers	Ky
Frank James	Mo
S N Marvel	Ky
H B Stevens	"
W V Horning	"
L W Tabor	"
D Bradford	"
J M Terry	Mon
Auther Stone	Ky
R L Howerton	"
J B Morse	Kan
Mrs. E J Harrod	City
Lemuel Watson	Ky
F Hardesty	Ill
C E Douglas	City
K E Cannan	"
A S Cannan	Ky
W H Brantley	"
R S Elkins	City
Geo H. Foster	"
Ed M Robertson	R R

Sloan's Liniment

For Cough, Cold, Croup, Sore Throat, Stiff Neck, Rheumatism and Neuralgia

At all Dealers
Price 25c 50c & \$1.00

Sent Free
"Sloan's Book on Horses Cattle, Hogs & Poultry

Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan
615 Albany St: Boston, Mass.

Chinese Differences.

His compass points south. In saluting he puts on his hat. Walking with you, he keeps out of step.

He shakes his own hand instead of yours.

He says east-south, instead of south-east.

To be polite, he asks you your age and income.

He throws away the flesh of the melon and eats its seeds.

His women often wear trousers while he wears a gown.

He presents coffins to his friends as you present cigars or books.—Minneapolis Journal.

ECZEMA THE MOST DISTRESSING AND ANNOYING DISEASE

to which the human flesh is heir, has always been claimed.

Are you suffering from the wonderful ZEMO? It is a clear liquid for external use. ZEMO cures by removing the cause. It draws the germs from under the skin to the surface and destroys them and their toxins, leaving a clean healthy skin.

ZEMO's record for cures has never been equalled, and it has been regarded as "The world's greatest cure for all diseases of the skin and scalp."

Get a bottle today of your druggist and write to us about your case.

Harrisburg, Ill., Sept. 1, 1894.

You are Entitled to the Best!

Especially when you can purchase the best quality from us for about the same price you pay for many things elsewhere of an inferior quality.



We have a complete Line of Bench Tailored CLOTHING that is Finished by Hand.

You can readily see the difference when compared with any other.

Don't buy until you have seen them and we will Save You Money.

A WORD TO HOUSE CLEANERS

Come see Our Line of

Carpets Druggets Rugs Mattings Lace Curtains Window Shades

ELBOW GLOVES in the Silk and Lisle Don't wait too long to BUY THEM

Stylish Fabrics in Dress Goods and Waistings

Summer Underwear and Hosiery Direct from Mills.

Have you seen our line of SHIRTS at 50c and \$1.00 If not, don't buy until you see them

Money Saved

In Buying The Best SHOES and Oxfords

Do you want to save any?

Then buy the W. L. DOUGLAS For Men DUTTENHOFER For Ladies Red School House For Children

WE GIVE YOU GOOD VALUES AND PLEASE YOU TOO

TAYLOR & CANNAN

BRIM FULL OF BARGAINS

PERSONALS

F. W. Nunn, dentist, Press Building

J. A. Wheeler, of Tolu, was in town Friday.

Dr. I. H. Clement, of Tolu, was in town Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Love were in town Wednesday.

Mrs. J. J. Martin, of Sullivan, was in the city last week.

Mrs. J. R. Summerville, of Mattoon, was in town Thursday.

Rev. W. H. Miley returned Saturday to his home in Louisville.

Miss Rose Mayes, of Caldwell Springs, was in town Wednesday.

Miss Mollie Moore spent Saturday and Sunday at her home near Fredonia.

Mrs. H. A. Cameron left Thursday for a few days visit in Hopkinsville.

Miss Nelle Clifton and Guy Conner spent Sunday with friends in Blackford.

Rev. E. M. Eaton, of Salem, visited his daughter, Mrs. Eugene Love, last week.

Robt. Guess and wife spent Saturday and Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Guess.

Miss Mary Cameron left Thursday for Hopkinsville where she has a position in the telegraph office.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Olive, of Eddyville, were the guests of Mr. Jesse Olive and family last week.

Mrs. Nannie Cochran returned Thursday from Nashville where she had been the guest of her son, Geo. Cochran.

Mr. Jas. Terry returned Friday from New Mexico, where he had gone to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Perry home.

Mrs. Harris, of Corydon, was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. F. W. Nunn and Misses Florence and Carolyn Harris last week.

Mrs. Sandy R. Adams returned Saturday from Barstow, Texas, where she had gone to visit her husband, who she reports to be better.

Thos. E. Hopewell, of the Hopewell Mining Co., and his family expects to leave soon for Mound City, Ill., to reside, much to the regret of the many friends of these worthy people who had hoped they were permanently located here.

F. W. Nunn, dentist, Press Building.

Rev. Oakley went up to Crayneville Saturday.

W. D. Crowell, of Blackford, was in town Thursday.

Call and see Mrs. Cavender's ready to wear and trimmed hats.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Olive arrived last week to visit his parents.

Mrs. Wm. Wooldridge, of Starr, was in the city shopping Saturday.

Miss Florence Harris was the guest of friends in Morganfield Saturday.

Miss Jesse Glenn, of Eddyville, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Maude McConnell.

Watch my advertisement each week. F. S. Stilwell, the dentist, over Marion Bank.

F. Julius Fohs, who spent a few days at home, left Friday for Lexington to resume his work.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Roberts and Albert Shelby spent Sunday in Fredonia.

Mrs. Moran, of Dallas, Tex., is the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. W. H. Mayes, of Caldwell Springs.

Miss Lela Page, of Dixon, and Lacy Nunn, of Blackford, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. U. Lamb.

Secure absolute protection from fire and tornadoes from Bourland & Haynes, general insurance agents.

Miss Maria Linley, of Salem, was in town Thursday enroute to Fredonia where she will visit her sister, Mrs. Ross Duvall.

Albert M. Shelby, of Louisville, was the guest of his sister, Mesdames J. W. Wilson and G. P. Roberts a few days last week.

Mrs. J. F. Wyatt and Miss Mary Wyatt, of Fredonia, were the guests of Mesdames J. W. Wilson and G. P. Roberts a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Perry arrived Friday morning from Hope, N. Mex., where they had gone for his health. Mr. Perry was very much fatigued from the journey and is not as well as his friends had hoped.

Rev. W. E. Hunter, of Princeton, will preach the Commencement sermon Sunday morning, May 5, at new school Auditorium. All patrons and friends of the school are invited to attend. Special music.

After May 15th, the daily Louisville Herald's subscription price will be raised. Until then the RECORD-PRESS weekly and Herald (daily) can be obtained for \$2.00 per annum, at our office.

Bourland & Haynes, Insurance.

Mrs. Geo. Sullenger spent Saturday in Fredonia.

Miss Ethel McCaslin left Saturday for Crayneville.

Mrs. W. N. Rochester was in Fredonia Monday.

Forest Harris, of Tolu, was in town Tuesday.

Eugene Guess, of Tolu, was in the city Monday.

Miss Vera McCord is the guest of friends in this city.

Miss Jessie Glenn, of Eddyville, is the guest of Mrs. Tom McConnell.

Fred Love and wife, of Levias, spent the day with relatives here Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Seldon Glenn, of Eddyville, came over Friday to visit relatives.

Mrs. Kittie Nunn, of Repton, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. N. Boston.

J. F. Dodge spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Newcom, of Repton.

A fine class of pupils, about 25 or 30, will attend the Normal this year. Dont miss it.

Roy Threlkeld, of Salem, was in town en route to Madisonville to attend the Elks Lodge.

Watch my advertisement each week. F. S. Stilwell, the dentist, over Marion Bank.

Miss Frankie Stevens, of Repton, was the guest of her cousin, Miss Melba Cannan Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Carnahan, of Blackford, were the guests of their son, W. C. Carnahan, last week.

On account of absence, from Marion it will be impossible for me to hear the Bible Class next Sunday I will hear the first Sunday, I am at home.

J. F. Price.

Mrs. Chas. A. Williams returned to her home in Greenville Saturday after several weeks visit to her parents, Rev. and Mrs. R. C. Love.

In connection with the Normal class in Reading and Expression will be conducted every afternoon at 4 o'clock. We shall be glad to have any pupils of the Marion school join this class.

Dont forget the Normal.

Misses Etta and Lillian Nation, of Ford's Ferry, were in town Saturday shopping.

Mrs. C. E. Weldon spent Thursday afternoon with Mrs. C. R. Hinman in Sturgis.

Mrs. John Nunn and Miss Virginia Nunn spent Saturday with relatives in Fredonia.

Harvey Leech, of Princeton, saw the guest of relatives here Sunday afternoon.

You should call and see Mrs. Cavender's line of belt buckles, shirt waist, pins etc.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Freeman spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Allen Pyle, of Salem.

Howard McConnell left Tuesday for Paducah, where he will be under treatment in the hospital.

The Normal will begin Monday, May 13th at 8 o'clock at the school building.

Miss Caroline Bowman left Tuesday afternoon for Nashville in the interest of Mrs. Love's summer milinery.

On account of the Commencement Sermon, the Rev. Price will call in his appointment at Marion next Sunday.

Will McConnell has resigned his position with Mrs. Cavender and left Tuesday for a visit to his father, Rev. W. T. McConnell, near Louisville. He expects to go West soon.

The party who took a bale of barbed wire from me a few days ago will please return same at once. Otherwise the matter, together with name will be turned over to the officers.

A. Dean

Tom Daughtrey, of Marion, Wednesday sent a beautiful horse to his brother, Mr. John Daughtrey. Their father, L. G. Daughtrey, rode the splendid animal from Marion to Uniontown, a distance of forty miles, and when the horse arrived here it was as fresh as when it started.—Uniontown Telegram.

I am prepared to do all kinds of stamping, embroidering and painting or any thing in the fancy work-line, and would be glad to have the patronage of friends. You will find me at Mrs. Bob Hodge's residence.

Mrs. N. D. LEFFEL

Electric Light Notes

Electric lights burned all night will be charged for extra 1 cent per night, \$3.60 per annum. If the charge is overlooked any month will be added later. We have the list and are keeping the records correctly.

MARION ELECTRIC LIGHT & ICE CO.

(INCORPORATED)

Protracted Meeting Closed.

Rev. W. H. Miley, of Louisville, the former and much beloved pastor of the Presbyterian church here, who assisted the pastor, Rev. Ben Andres, in a meeting last week and week before, left Saturday morning for his home to fill his own appointment there Sunday morning and evening.

Mr. Miley's visit here was much enjoyed by his former flock and his sermons were listened to with pleasure by good audiences thrice a day during the meeting. The church was strengthened and each member benefited by his arguments which were unanswerable. There were several additions to the church.

Long Wedding Journey.

To be married and leave for a new home, 2,950 miles away, is not the experience of every bride, but Miss Maud Tucker, of Tyler, daughter of J. R. Tucker, was married last night to Hayes B. Jacobs, of Toppenish, Wash., and they will leave in a few days for their distant home. Mr. Jacobs is a prosperous young farmer of Washington and came back to his old home a month ago apparently on a visit, but it has developed, to claim his bride. The Rev. J. W. Blackard performed the ceremony at the bride's home.—Paducah Sun.

CAVE-IN-ROCK.

After one of the most hotly contested elections ever held in our town the anti-saloon people won an easy victory notwithstanding the fact that the saloonies voted at least eight illegal ballots. The majority ranged from nine to twenty-one. F. E. Scott was chosen president; Levi Yeaky, Chas. Lavender and J. H. Tyer trustees and Theodore Pelhank marshall.

On the evening preceding the election the people met at the M. E. church and held a special prayer service for the result, and on the evening following the election they held a ratification prayer meeting. It was glorious. Everybody was happy. Strong men wept for joy. Almost all the boys and girls of the town were present and most of them made short speeches expressing their sentiments in no uncertain terms.

Our boys, the future men of our town, are as noble a set of youths as any town can show. They have recently organized a temperance lodge composed entirely of boys between the ages of twelve and eighteen. They have secret charges and obli-

gations, meet twice a week and read the Scriptures, sing and pray and talk and plan for the suppression of the liquor traffic.

Girls if you desire to see the right kind of boys come to Cave-in-Rock. What must be the future of a town with such boys? God bless and save the boys!

Ernest Paris has just received notice that he had been awarded the highest prize given in the junior class in the St. Louis College of Pharmacy. The prize is his tuition free next year, equal to ninety-one dollars.

Allen Paris returned to Paducah last week to finish his course in Draughon's Business College.

The Cave-in-Rock Mining Company are not rebuilding their plant recently burned and many of the opinion that it will never be rebuilt. The other two mines at Lead Hill are running and shipping considerable ore.

Wheat crops are badly damaged by the recent cold weather.

Uncle Dow Boyd, one of our best citizens, an old soldier and a prominent old fellow, was buried here April 23.

Our school board has employed Everett Smock, Miss Sallie Bascom and Miss Gertrude Tyer for the next winter school.

5c and 10c STORE.

Just arrived the biggest and best line of postals ever in Marion. Come in and see them.

DAILY BARGAINS

3 bars Anti-Freckle Soap

10

3 bars Buttermilk soap

10

6 cups and saucers 50c

5c

1 bx paper and env. 5c

10c

Tooth brushes

5c

Graniteware

10c

6 goblets

30c

Pitcher

25c

6 tumblers

20c

Dish Pan

Scott's Emulsion strengthens enfeebled nursing mothers by increasing their flesh and nerve force.

It provides baby with the necessary fat and mineral food for healthy growth.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.

STURGIS NEWS.

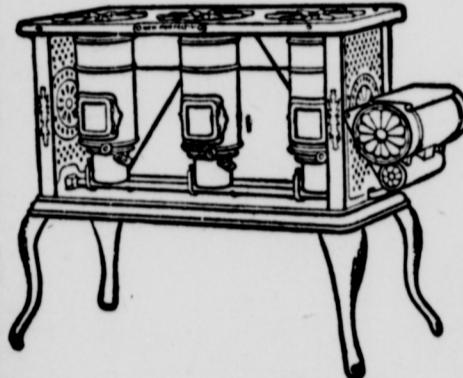
The Marion Coal Company at Sullivan has changed hands the past few days. Just who the new people are, we are not able at this time to say, but that they mean business, is evident. Mr. John Corner, of Frostburg, Md., is the new Superintendent and Gen. Manager. News from Sullivan this evening is, that the new wealthy corporation is buying up all the coal rights they can get, and the probability is that Sullivan will soon have a mines second to none in the county.

Mr. R. L. Coffy and brother, J. C. Coffy, both of Pennsylvania, having bought the controlling interests in the Crittenden Coal and Coke Company Mines, heretofore owned and operated by H. H. Sayre, Hon. Jno. W. Blue and other distinguished mine men and capitalists of Marion, Ky., have moved the general office from the latter place to Sturgis. The election of new officers of the new organization resulted as follows: R. L. Coffy President and Gen. Manager, H. H. Sayre Secretary and J. J. Coffy Treasurer. Work in preparation for big and regular runs have been in progress for several days and on next Monday the company will commence running coal for shipment, which will be the first of this mines product to be shipped in nearly two years. Miss Chick Sizemore has full charge of the general office here, for the placing of which honor the management is to be credited with good judgment. Mr. Coffy, the new president, comes highly recommended, both as a polished gentleman as well as mine expert. He has the reputation of getting along nicely with his men and all in all his coming to our good old town is met with a hearty welcome by her citizens.

Was Wasting Away.

"I had been troubled with kidney disease for the last five years," writes Robert R. Watts, of Salem, Mo. "I lost flesh and never felt well and doctored with leading physicians and tried all remedies suggested without relief. Finally I tried Foley's Kidney Cure and less than two bottles completely cured me and I am now sound and well." During the summer kidney irregularities are often caused by excessive drinking or being overheated. Attend to the kidneys at once by using Foley's Kidney Cure. Sold by J. H. Orme.

A Wonderful Oil Stove



Entirely different from all others. Embodies new ideas, new principles. Easily managed. Reduces fuel expense. Ready for business at moment of lighting. For your summer cooking get a

NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

Its heat is highly concentrated. Does not overheat the kitchen. Oil always at a maintained level. Three sizes. Fully warranted. If not at your dealer's, write our nearest agency for descriptive circular.

THE **Rayo Lamp** is the best lamp for all-round household use. Made of brass throughout and beautifully nickel. Perfectly constructed; absolutely safe; unexcelled in light-giving power; an ornament to any room. Every lamp warranted. If not at your dealer's, write to our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)



FIRE AND TORNADOES!

May sweep your property away, but the Insurance Companies we represent will remain. The amount of property destroyed by fire is daily increasing; spring with its electrical storms is rapidly approaching, your home may be the next licked up by the fire or swept away in the storm! Are you prepared? We represent millions of dollars of insurance capital and offer our aid in your protection.

BOURLAND & HAYNES.

INVALID MOTHER IS BURNED TO DEATH.

The Remainder of The Family Barely Escape With Their Lives Early Morning Tragedy

Madisonville, Ky., April 28.—One of the most shocking and horrible accidents and deaths that has ever occurred in the Charleston neighborhood took place at the residence of Mr. Newt. Franklin Tuesday morning at one o'clock, when his residence was consumed by fire and his helpless invalid wife met death in the flames. The fire seemed to have originated in the room Mrs. Franklin occupied. Her agonizing screams aroused the sleeping family and they hastened to her rescue but her room was in a blaze and the heat near the door was so intense that it was impossible to enter, although her son, Walker, and other members of the family made desperate and repeated efforts to do so. Walker Franklin was severely burned in his efforts to rescue his mother.

The Ideal Family Laxative

is one that can be used by the entire family, young and old, weak and strong, without any danger of harmful effects. It should have properties which insure the same dose, always having the same effect, otherwise the quantity will have to be increased and finally lose its effect altogether. These properties can be found in that old family remedy, Brandreth's Pills, because its ingredients are of the purest herbal extracts, and every pill is kept for three years before being sold, which allows them to mellow. We do not believe there is a laxative on the market that is so carefully made.

Brandreth's Pills are the same fine laxative tonic pills your grandparents used. They have been in use for over a century and are sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

JOE FOWLER BREAKS SHAFT

Disabled Steamer Towed into Port By Her Mate---Repairs Are to Be Hastened.

Evansville, Ind., April 20.—Hardly an hour elapsed after the news of the breaking of the steamer Joe Fowler's shaft at Wilson's Landing, Ky., reached this city late Friday afternoon, when a message ordering a new shaft from a marine machinery foundry at Cleveland, Ohio, was on the wires, and three hours later a response from the Cleveland founders said that the shaft would be cast, turned and shipped within four days.

Plenty of good pure water should be drunk in addition so that the rheumatic poisons can be flushed from the system. Any druggist will put up the prescription or you may get the ingredients and mix them yourself. The prescription is inexpensive, agreeable to take and, coming from such a successful specialist, is worthy a trial. 2

Not Listed.

A big operator on Wall street, famed for his success, darling and fortune, is a member of the Waldorf coterie that meets in Mr. Boldt's big hotel each afternoon after the market closes.

A few nights ago he went to a dinner party. The lady he took out with him didn't know much about Wall street, so she sought to lead the operator along the paths of literature.

"Do you like Balzac?" she asked by way of an opener.

"No," was the answer; "I never deal in those curb stocks."—Saturday Evening Post.

Best For Women And Children.

On account of its mild action and pleasant taste Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup especially recommended for women and children. It does not nauseate or gripe like pills and ordinary cathartics. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup aids digestion and stimulates the liver and bowels without irritating them. Remember the name ORINO and refuse substitutes. Sold by J. H. Orme.

Egg Production of Hens.

Investigation of the capacity of hens to lay eggs resulted in the discovery that the egg production of hens decreases considerably after the age of four years. Thus, a hen lays at the age of one year about twenty eggs; at the age of two years, about 120; at the age of three years, about 135; at the age of four years, about 115; at the age of five years, about eighty, and at the age of six years, sixty.

Pale, Thin, Nervous?

Then your blood must be in a very bad condition. You certainly know what to take, then take it—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. If you doubt, then consult your doctor. We know what he will say about this grand old family medicine. Sold for over 60 years.

This is the first question your doctor would ask: "Are your bowels regular?" He knows that daily action of the bowels is absolutely essential to recovery. Keep your liver active and your bowels regular by taking laxative doses of Ayer's Pills.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of HAIR VIGOR, AGILE CURE, CHERRY PECTORAL.

GEOLOGIST IN HENDERSON

Test Will Be Made to See if Local Coal is Up to the Standard.

Mr. Julius Fohs, of the United States Geological Survey, was in Henderson Wednesday investigating the coal at local mines. He spent the day in the Keystone and Peoples mines, and this morning left for Robards to continue his work. Mr. Fohs is arranging for tests to decide upon the varying quality of coal. Every month samples will be made by the government, which will determine the coal's standing in British thermal units. If it falls below the standard fixed by the government the dealer will find a corresponding sum deducted from his bill. If, on the other hand, his coal is found to be a warmer proposition than he had represented, he will be paid that much more.—Henderson Journal.

OF INTEREST

To All Suffering From Rheumatism, Kidney or Bladder Troubles.

For those who have Rheumatism, Kidney or Bladder Trouble of any kind, or fear that they are predisposed to any of these diseases, Dr. George Edmund Flood, the specialist on rheumatic diseases, gives us permission to publish the following simple but effective prescription which he uses in his practice, and to which he attributes his remarkable success: Fluid Cascara Aromatic, half ounce; Concentrated Barkola compound, one ounce; Fluid Extract Prickly Ash Bark, half drachm; Aromatic Elixir four ounces. Mix by shaking in a bottle and take one teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

Plenty of good pure water should be drunk in addition so that the rheumatic poisons can be flushed from the system. Any druggist will put up the prescription or you may get the ingredients and mix them yourself. The prescription is inexpensive, agreeable to take and, coming from such a successful specialist, is worthy a trial. 2

ENON

Rev. Blackburn filled his regular appointment Sunday. His wife accompanied him.

Charlie Vanhoosier and family, of Repton, visited relatives in this neighborhood Saturday night and Sunday.

Little Lexie Vinson is very sick at this writing.

Levi Lenier and family went to Fredonia shopping Saturday.

Misses Ollie and Myrtle Brown, of Piney Fork, visited their cousin Miss Fannie Brown Saturday night and Sunday.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Riley happened to a very serious accident Wednesday of last week by sticking a nail through her cheek.

John Eskew and family, of Marion, attended the birthday dinner of Mrs. Mint Rowland Sunday.

Miss Bertha Vanhoosier is visiting in White Sulphur neighborhood this week.

Misses Lucy, Edna and Tinnie Vinson went to Fredonia last week.

Leslie Ison and Collie Board, of Rufus, attended services here Sunday.

Miss Aggie Traylor visited Mrs. Minnie Spickard, of Fredonia, last week.

O. H. Woodall went to Marion Saturday.

Albert Babb, of Fredonia, was here Sunday.

A. E. Brown and family visited at P. H. H. Brown's Sunday.

Mrs. Lula Ethridge went to Fredonia shopping last week.

Miss Novela Clift and Iva Moore attended church here Sunday.

Jim Riley and wife and Jim Wiggin, of Piney Fork, visited in this neighborhood Sunday.

Aunt Mint Rowland celebrated her seventy-fifth anniversary Sunday. Quite a number of children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, relatives and friends were present. Several nice presents were presented. Aunt Mint is a good woman and has a host of friends. May health and happiness surround her in her declining years.

Stop Grumbling

If you suffer from Rheumatism or pains, for Balar's Snow Liniment will bring quick relief. It is a sure cure for Sprains, Rheumatism, Contracted muscles and all pains—and within the reach of all. Price 25c, 50c, \$1.00. C. R. Smith, Tenaha, Tex. writes: I have used Balar's Snow Liniment in my family for years and have found it a fine remedy for all pains and aches. I recommend it for pains in the chest. Sold by J. H. Orme.

"Awful things have come to pass," signed the professor as a bunch of poles piled into the examination hall.—Princeton Tiger.

RIGHT BREATHING

CURES CATARRH

Simple Way To Kill Catarrhal Germs in Nose, Throat and Lungs.

The only natural and common sense method known for the cure of catarrhal troubles is Hy-o-me. It is breathed through an ingenious pocket inhaler, so that its medicated air reaches the most remote air-cells of the nose, throat and lungs, killing all catarrhal germs, soothing the irritated mucous membrane, and restoring a healthy condition.

Hy-o-me goes right to the spot where the catarrhal germs are present in the nose, throat and lungs and destroys the germs so that perfect health is soon restored.

A complete Hy-o-me outfit with inhaler costs but \$1.00 and is sold by Haynes & Taylor under guarantee to refund the money unless the remedy gives satisfaction.

A new metric chart representing geographically measures of the international metric system of weights and measures has been prepared by the Bureau of Standards of the Department of Commerce and Labor, and will be furnished free to any school teaching the system.

The Life Insurance

Muddle has started the public to thinking. The wonderful success that has met Balar's Horehound Syrup in its crusade on Coughs, Influenza, Bronchitis and all Pulmonary troubles—has started the public to thinking of this wonderful preparation. They are all using it. Join the procession and down with sickness. Price 25c, 50c, and \$1.00. Sold by J. H. Orme.

If any of my work has proven unsatisfactory during the past three years please call at my office at once

Very respectfully,

F. W. NUNN

Dentist

Office:
Rooms 2 and 4 Jenkins Bldg.
MARION, KY.

Below is what You Find At

J. N. Boston

LUMBER YARD

The Year Round

Rough Lumber, Dressed Lumber, Weatherboarding, Laths, Shingles, Windows, Doors, Mouldings, Locks, Hinges, Nails four kinds Rubber Roofing, Building Paper, Patent Plaster, Grates and Fire Brick. Stair Baluster and Rail. Fresh car of Atlas Cement. These goods are right and so are the prices.

WINE OF CARDUI

Woman's Refuge in Distress

It quickly relieves the pain, nervousness, irritability, miserableness, fainting, dizziness, hot and cold flashes, weakness, tired feeling, etc. Cardui will bring you safely through this "dodging period," and build up your strength for the rest of your life. Try it.

You can get it at all druggists in \$1.00 bottles.

"EVERYTHING BUT DEATH" I suffered, writes Virginia Robson, of Easton, Md., until I took Cardui, which cured me so quickly it surprised my doctor, who didn't know I was taking it.

Jamestown Exposition

Excursion rates for the Jamestown Exposition is as follows:

Season ticket \$31.00
60 day ticket 28.75
15 day ticket 23.60

For the round trip. Tickets on sale April 19 to Nov. 30.
W. L. VENNER, Agt.

CRAYNEVILLE

Rev. Oakley filled his regular appointment here Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunn and Lillie Bell, of Marion, attended church Sunday.

Joel Moore and family, of Marion, visited relatives here Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Jas. Hill and Ada visited Ruby Bigham Thursday.

A crowd of the young folks went on the "knob" Sunday evening.

Miss Mabel Minner was in our town Saturday.

Elmer Threlkeld and Lorin Stalions visited relatives near Tolu Saturday and Sunday.

Ethel McCaslin attended church here Sunday.

It was announced Sunday that Mr. W. B. Binkley and Ada Deboe have been secretly married about a month. After church they went to their home at View where a nice dinner waited them. We wish them much joy.

Miss Ruby Bigham, of Chapel Hill, visited her sister Addie Hill Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Mattie Baird visited Mrs. Canado Monday.

A Cure For Constipation And Piles Discovered At Last.

Carlstedt's German Liver Powder, removes the cause and cures every case. Never a failure reported. Try it. Guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drugs Act. Price 25c. Sold by all druggists.

CROOKED CREEK.

Health is good here.

Spring has come at last.

Planting corn is all the go.

Tobacco plants are scarce.

Misses Myrtle and Maud Brightman visited J. W. Arflox last week.

Lonnie Paris and wife spent Sunday with G. W. Horning and family.

Crooked Creek church is making preparations for a new carpet.

Granvil Staton and Joe Arflox went to Sturgis Sunday.

Jas. Gass and family of Hebron attended church here Saturday and Sunday.

The fourth Friday in May everybody is invited to come and help clean off the graveyard at Crooked Creek church.

And on the 3rd Friday in May is road working day from Andy Ford to the church. Every one come with pick and shovel.

CHAPEL HILL

Joe Paris and family, of Fredonia, was visitors in this precinct last Saturday and Sunday and attended church here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Odus LaRue, Sheridan, were the guest of Mrs. LaRue's parents Saturday and Sunday.

Sunday was regular preaching day at Chapel Hill Rev. Thompson preached his first sermon on his 25th year at this place.

T. M. Hill attended Presbytery at Madisonville last week.

Planting corn is the order of the day in this community.

Everett Jacob, and Herman Hill, will leave for North Dakota next Tuesday, so says rumor. The young boys are dropping out of Chapel Hill very fast.

Wheat and oats are looking very well in this community considering the cold weather.

Fruit is all killed in this beat, peaches in particular there will be some apples.

We will have blackberries 1 second as they are not in bloom.

Mrs. T. N. Hill and Miss Ada Canada, of Crayneville, was the guest of Miss Ruby Bigham Thursday evening.

B. F. Walker was thru our beat getting up a telephone line thru our

precinct last heard of he succeeded in getting it thru.

Tobacco plants are very scarce in this precinct and talk is now that there wont be more than a half of a crop set on account of plants.

Notice to Farmers.

New produce company just come to Marion and here to stay, on the corner of Main and Salem streets. When you come get their prices on all kinds of produce, and get their prices on what you want to buy in the way of groceries. You will then know who is paying commission both ways. G. L. DIAL, Pres.

OPPOSUM RIDGE

Aunt Nancy Rankins who has been suffering with a cold is some better.

Mrs. Emma Hughes and daughter were the guest Mrs. J. B. Hughes last week.

Roe Williams and family spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. Emma Hughes.

The oyster supper at Darby Hughes was a great success. One hundred guests were present. The dining room was a perfect mass of flowers. Guests were given a bouquet as a memento.

Sunday School at Heath School House every Sunday evening at 3 o'clock. Every one is invited to come.

For Chills, Fevers And Malaria.

Try Yucatan Chill Tonic; it cures to stay cured. Insist on having it. Get the genuine. Guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drugs Act. Price 50c. Sold by all druggists.

MATTOON

John E. Roberts formerly of this place but now of Piggott Ark., has joined the Militia of that state and expects to be sent with his company to the Jamestown Exposition in August.

H. L. Sullivan and wife of Rodney, visited at W. B. Watson Sunday.

H. F. Summers went to Carrsville Wednesday on business.

Miss Elsie Crider attended church Rose Bud Sunday.

Wedding Superstitions

A bride who finds a spider on her wedding dress may consider herself blessed.

The bride who dreams of fairies the night before marriage will be thrice blessed.

If the bridegroom carries a minature harseshoe in his pocket he will always have good luck.

No bride or bridegroom should be given a telegram on the way to church. It positively is a sign of evil.

A Criminal Attack

on an inoffensive citizen is frequently made in that apparently useless little tube called the "appendix." It's generally the result of protracted constipation, following liver torpor. Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the liver, prevent appendicitis, and establish regular habits of the bowels. 25c. at J. H. Orme's drug store.

RODNEY

Health in this community is very good.

Chess Truitt and Miss Lora Demsey attended church at Rose Bud Sunday.

Hull Newcom visited L. B. Cane Several from here attended an apron party at Weston Saturday.

Mrs. Smith, of Morganfield, visited her father Mr. Newcom Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. H. L. Sullivan visited at Mattoon Sunday.

Mrs. M. A. Wilson who has been on the sick list is improving.

Rev. J. F. Price is holding a meeting at Dixon Ky. Rev. D. S. Logan of New Decatur, Ala., is assisting in the meeting.

SHADY GROVE

A large congregation listened to Bro. LaRue here Sunday, in the afternoon there was a baptizing in Piney.

Mack Horning and son, Brent, of Providence, attended church here Sunday.

We are to have a new grist mill in the near future.

Charlie Ramsey has gone to Elkton he thinks of locating there.

Charlie Lamb will move to Providence in a few days.

Joe Ramsey and wife visited here Sunday.

Mrs. Cora Travis visited at Tribune last week.

Miss Mary Towery is progressing nicely with her school.

Miss Velma Mayes is spending this week with her aunt, Mrs. Horning at Providence.

Lessie Utley was in our midst last Sunday.

Lumber and stave hauling is the order of the day now.

Sunday School every Sunday evening, come out.

MEXICO

Squire Myres returned Saturday from Amarilla, Texas., his daughter, Mrs. Lilly Boswell and two children, accompanied him home.

Mrs. Louella Mott received word by telephone last Wednesday evening that her mother was not expect to live until morning. Mrs. McMaster lingered until Friday evening when death relieved her suffering. She was buried at the Farmer graveyard Sunday.

Miss Sudie Oliver and Ralph Hodge were united in marriage last Wednesday at Corydon. Rev. Miller officiating, Miss Clara Pogue and Dr. Fox were their attendants.

J. M. Hughes moved to Marion this week.

Mrs. Jack Tabor and Mrs. John Rogers visited at Squire Myres' Sunday.

Singing at Cookseyville church Sunday evening.

Our genteel depot agent is going home in a few days.

Robert Paris and daughter, Pauline from Madisonville came to see his sister, Mrs. James.

IRON HILL

Mrs. E. L. Horning and son Maurice paid Mrs. Edurn Walker, of Blackford made a flying trip to Blackford Saturday.

Mrs. Liry Walker, of Blackford, who has been visiting her parents at this place, returned home Monday.

Misses Annie, Alpha and Lura Kemp spent Saturday night with Misses Stella and Ruby Dean.

Mr. J. M. Walker attended court at Paducah last week.

Mr. Olvie Gregory, of Shady Grove, visited Mr. Lee Thompson Saturday night.

Mr. Virgil Drenon was the guest of J. N. Dean Saturday night and Sunday.

O. D. Spence visited J. M. Walker's family Sunday.

Mr. Gus Summerville and family, of Mattoon, attended church at Sugar Grove Sunday.

Misses Tula and Tina Travis, of Marion, have been visiting relatives here for the past week.

Miss Mabel Drenon gave a quilting bee in honor of her thirteenth birthday Tuesday.

Mr. H. L. Lamb and wife, Misses Verna Babb, Maude Stallions, Annie Kemp, and Messrs. Willie Tudor and Logan Bugg worshiped with the Sugar Grove congregation Sunday.

Mr. Willie Deboe and wife and Mrs. P. H. Deboe visited relatives here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dempsey Kemp and daughter, Lura, visited C. C. Walker, of Farmersville, last Saturday night.

Lenoth Lemon and Lee Morse attended church at Marion Sunday.

LET US SHOW YOU OUR Spring and Summer Millinery.

We are having many compliments from the trade as having the real up to to-morrow styles in Pattern and Ready-to-Wear hats. Our prices are lower than others ask for the same class of goods. Special orders based on cost of material used.

Trimmed hats 50 cents to \$3.50. Pattern hats \$3.75 to \$10.00.

WE CARRY A FULL LINE OF Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Silks, Velvets,

Trimmings, Embroideries, Laces, etc. Shoes of the best makes from the leading factories for Men, Women and Children, also Youths, Boys and Childrens Clothing. We are anxious to please you. Give us a call.

Chas. B. Loyd,
Fredonia, - - - Kentucky.

THE CHILD'S MIND.

Give it a chance to develop by its natural processes.

The littler they are the better, because farther removed from the world that is ours and deeper placed in their own world. A good baby radiates peace. Every one who is rightly constituted smiles at the sight of it.

They are busy, they are cheerful. As a rule, they seem to be kind to one another. They are not bored, and unless the weather is insufferable or they are sick they are not depressed.

What philosophers! What heroes! Is it strange that the attitude of an unperverted child should be the Christian ideal?

The great merit of children as companions lies in the breadth of their tolerations. They are easy to please, agreeable to most propositions and not very critical.

They do not "know better." That is one of their delightful traits. Children will trust you, and that is one of the most gratifying compliments possible.

In the company of children you have relief in considering what will pay. The things that they do and prefer to do, do not pay, as a rule, except in the doing of them.

Wise elders who are qualified to train the mind of a child are pretty scarce. The next best thing is the elder who is wise enough to respect the child's mind and give it a chance to develop in a sympathetic atmosphere by its own natural processes.—E. S. Martin in Harper's Magazine.

Great Virtue in the Apple.

Many persons of excellent judgment will tell you that the apple in its perfection is the finest fruit that nature provides for man. It is not a matter of surprise, therefore, that an enthusiastic apple lover is devoting his time to the formation of apple clubs. He holds that apples and optimism are almost synonymous terms and makes many astonishing claims regarding the beneficial effects of the fruit. Of all the peculiar beliefs that are designed to engage the attention of mankind none is less harmful than this of the apple club. The busy American fails to appreciate the pleasure as well as benefits that a liking for fruit will bring him. We are not the fruit-loving people that our forefathers were and if the promoter of the new cult can renew this ancient liking his efforts are deserving of earnest encouragement.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Not an Ordinary Memory.

The driver of the furniture moving van admitted that he had a very bad memory. In fact he could hardly remember what work he had performed the day before.

"No, I can't recall just where it was that Mr. Suddenmove had me take his household goods. My memory is very poor, sir," he replied to the bill collector.

"But you moved him a week ago?" "Yes, sir, but you see we moves so many people that it's a hard matter to recollect."

The bill collector sipped a half dollar in the man's palm. "That ought to do your memory good," he remarked. "It ought to," the man replied, "but you see this ain't no common, every day memory of mine, and it has to be jogg'd considerable. Why, it cost Mr. Suddenmove a dollar to make me forget."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Corn Wanted.

Will pay for white corn in shuck 50 cents, for shucked corn 55 cents delivered at mill.

MARION MILLING CO.

Three Girls Killed.

Millville, Ky., April 24.—Three young women employed at T. C. Wheaton & Co's Glass factory in this city were killed to day by the collapse of a smokestack which crashed thru a room in which they were working.

Henry Hughes and wife, of East Marion, visited Mrs. J. M. Long last week.